

# Work Song

[Nellie McKay](#)

Deliver the paper deliver the porn  
Deliver the baker deliver the morn  
A quiverin' jibberin' shiverin' mass  
Of sunshine and good times that I have to pass  
On the way to my job on the way to my work  
On the way to that slobberin' hoverin' jerk  
Who's my boss today? Who's my boss to stay?  
Who's my supervisor when I'm in my grave?  
A slave on the run still under the gun  
Of Attila the Hun with a cinnamon bun  
I don't know son, was there somethin' I missed  
I don't think Fritz Lang was a fantasist  
Metropolis exists is this  
If you listen close you can hear the piss  
Every day's another loss need the pay so please the boss  
Through the sludge they mingle by the mile  
Every worker looks ahead ah the kiddies must be fed  
So they trudge along in single file  
Joo ming boo haa ooo  
And you turn and you toil and you burn and you boil  
In the tourniquet coil of the white folks' soil  
Spoilin' with a malaise worse than disses or dope  
Wakin' up in a haze with your wishes and hopes  
And your poor little dreams all wrapped up in burlap  
That you carry around for a sniff or a snack  
Or a taste in your haste to get right back on track  
Outta whack with the pack but acquiring the knack  
Of ignoring the rustle that quietly seethes  
The hustle, the buy-it the air that you breathe  
Every day's another loss need the pay so please the boss  
Through the sludge they mingle by the mile  
Every worker looks ahead ah the kiddies must be fed  
So they trudge along in single file  
Joo ming boo haa ooo

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